The Liberalist

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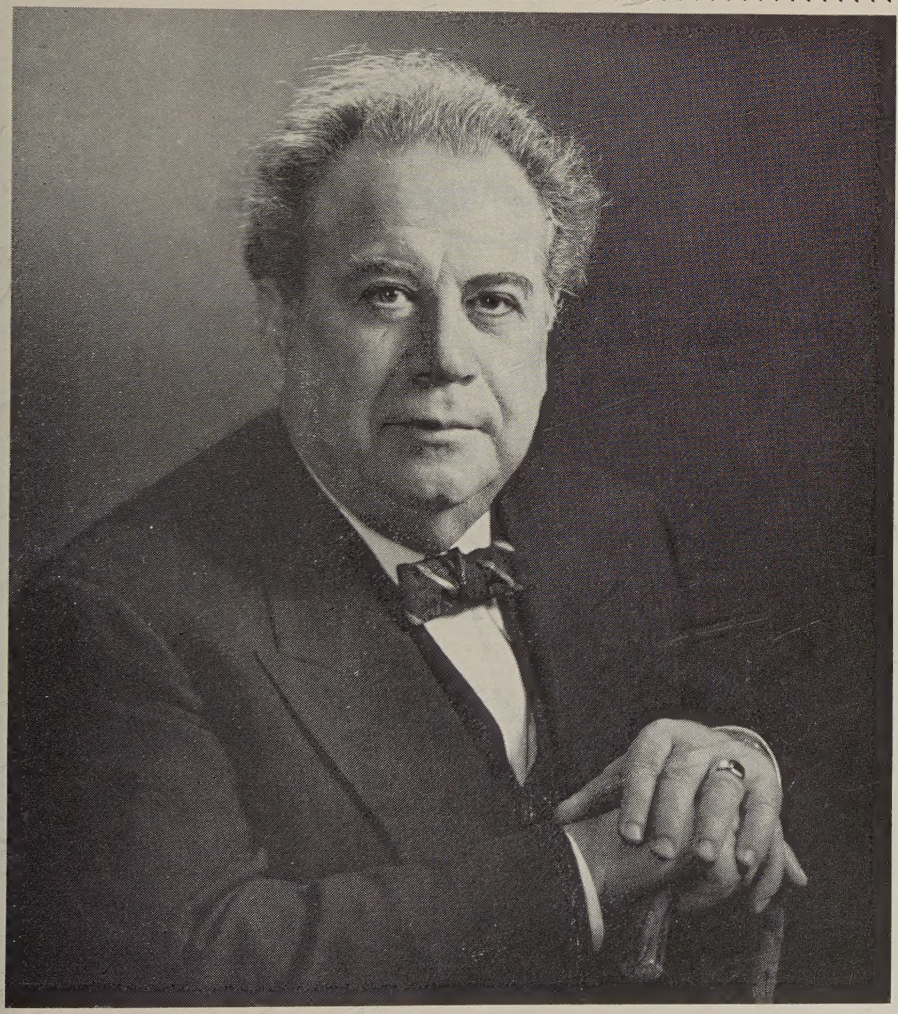

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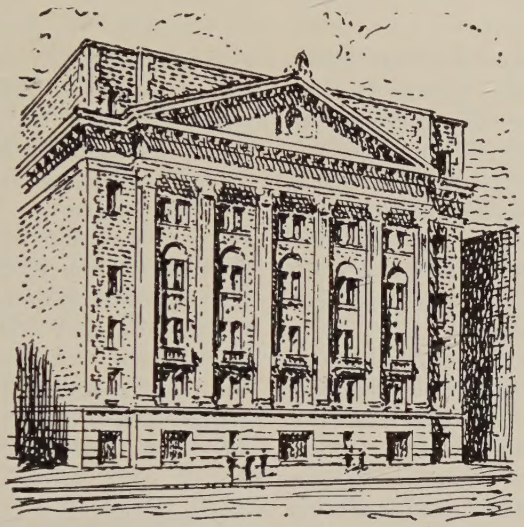

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

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ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

SINCE I wrote you last month I have been through the best month of the church year. There have been so many pleasant experiences and so many opportunities have come to me before audiences, that I know if I were to go into detail about them it would take the entire Liberalist rather than the space allotment which is mine.

I could devote the entire Along the Way to the Independence Hall Association, founded by Mr. Sidney DeLove. During the winter Mr. DeLove arranged a trip to Alaska for the students in the public and parochial schools who wrote the best essays on "What the Flag Means to Me." It aroused a great deal of interest among pupils and teachers alike.

There were over 3500 essays submitted to the judges. After a careful selection they chose 47 winners. Mr. DeLove asked me to preside at this Third Annual Night for America, at which the awards were presented, which I did.

The event was held in the auditorium of Senn High School and more than 2,000 people attended. It was one of the most inspiring occasions I have had. The choir of the Great Lakes sang and the United States 5th Army Band participated. Many prominent people were on the platform and, as the children were presented with the awards it was an inspiring moment for us all.

The winners were given a trip to Alaska, properly chaperoned, the chaperones including Mr. DeLove himself. They had a most interesting trip. They flew all the way and were received by the new Governor of Alaska, who entertained the group. They visited the historic and scenic places and all returned safely, thrilled with their experiences. What an opportunity for them! While in Alaska, the Governor made Mr. DeLove an honorary Governor of Alaska.

The work which the Independence Hall Association is doing to enhance the historical knowledge of America is as vital as any I know. It does not devote itself to a braggadocio . . . "I can lick the world" attitude, but is a constructive and creative effort. It was an evening I shall never forget.

* * *

I have had one occasion after another which indicate that people are more interested in the problems of our contemporary world than ever before. One of the largest conventions I addressed was the Indiana Electric Convention, held in Convention Hall, at the French Lick Hotel, in Indiana. This gave me an opportunity to visit West Baden College nearby and to enjoy the first breath of spring I had had. I took a two-hour walk in the afternoon from French Lick to West Baden and back and enjoyed every step of the way.

* * *

I have made it an unbroken rule of my life never to accept Saturday evening engagements. Twice during this month I have broken my own rule, but both occasions I think merited making the exceptions.

I have made a record I think with the active and effective Friends of Literature for on a recent Saturday evening this organization held their Twenty-eighth Annual Banquet and observance of the birthday of William

Shakespeare, and I have presided at every banquet through the years. This is a record that I did not want to break. The banquet this year was not only observing the birthday of Shakespeare but also of Abraham Lincoln. This is the 150th year of the birth of Lincoln. The program this year was built around these two immortal characters.

The amount of work which Mrs. Hazel R. Ferguson, the distinguished president of the Friends of Literature, did to make this affair the unprecedented success it was, is something that cannot be too highly commended. Lt. Redmond O'Hanlon, of the New York Police Department (and who was at the pier when we returned from the West Indies), wrote an opening poem which was printed on the menu. Mr. O'Hanlon, you will recall, was the policeman who appeared on the "Sixty-four Thousand Dollar Question" program, revealing a knowledge of Shakespeare such as one would not expect a policeman to possess. He is a most interesting, scholarly and original man. He wrote a very humorous and interesting letter, stating why he was unable to be present at the dinner.

There were forty guests on the upper and lower dais at the banquet and each of them distinguished in some field of the cultural, educational or religious life of the City of Chicago.

The main tribute to Shakespeare and Lincoln, entitled "Not Marble, Nor the Gilded Monuments," was given by Dr. Roy P. Basler, of the Congressional Library, Washington, D.C., and was a masterly, exhaustive and definitive comparison of Shakespeare and Lincoln. Points of similarity were brought out by the speaker which the casual student of these two characters would be very apt to miss.

The response was given by Mrs. Robert W. Mason, in the absence of Mr. Mason, who is the British Consul General, he being called to Washington. Mrs. Mason responded most effectively and revealed her own understanding of Shakespeare and the unusual interest in producing and playing Shakespeare which is taking place today throughout the English speaking world. She spoke with great clarity and effectiveness and delighted the entire banquet.

The opening invocation was given by Dr. Harold L. Bowman, pastor emeritus of the First Presbyteerian Church of Chicago and a distinguished poet and literary critic. Dr. Bowman is one of the finest men I have ever known and his prayer in itself was a literary and spiritual gem.

The closing prayer was given by one of the best-known clergy of the Roman Catholic faith in our city, Msgr. Edward Vincent Dailey, pastor of St. Veronica's Church and the author of two unusual and fascinating books, one "The Pastor's Cat," and the other "Angels Under Wraps." We prize our friendship with Msgr. Dailey. He has a fine appreciation of good literature and is a man of great personal charm.

I could go on and speak of the well-known author, Genevieve Foster; John W. Gembala, vice president of Friends of Literature; Robert H. Glauber, editor of Beloit Journal of Poetry; Herb Graffis, columnist of Chicago Sun-Times; Gertrude Gscheidle, librarian of the Chicago Public Library; Edward B. Hungerford, professor of English, Northwestern University; Harold R. Hutcheson, professor of English, Lake Forest College; Ben Kartman, president, Midland Authors; Herman Kogan, vice president Encyclopedia Britannica; Dr. Paul N. Landis, professor of English, University of Illinois; E. B. Long, historian and president, Friends of Chicago

Public Library; Francesca Falk Miller, poet and playwright; Hoke Norris, literary editor Chicago Sun-Times; Sterling Quinlan, vice president, American Broadcasting Company; Henry Rago, editor, Poetry Magazine; Hon. Sean G. Ronan, consul of Ireland; Gen. Lawrence H. Whiting, chairman, Chicago Cultural Committee — one could go on and on. There is no doubt but that this annual event of the Friends of Literature is the most distinguished literary event which takes place in the City of Chicago.

The program started shortly after eight and finished before eleven o'clock, but every moment of it was filled with wit, with inspiration, illumination and, as the evening closed every person present felt they appreciated Lincoln more and understood better the contribution of Shakespeare in the world of letters.

* * *

Another interesting event which I was privileged to address was the Wisconsin Association for Vocational and Adult Education, which was held in Green Bay, Wisconsin. Men and women interested in these two fields were present from all over Wisconsin and I don't know when I have had a more responsive audience. Wisconsin is one of the leading states in the field of adult education and vocational training. I was tremendously impressed with the personalities of the people who were present, and the response which they gave me as I outlined some of my own ideas in the field was most encouraging. I have never known a time when educators on every level were more concerned about meeting the challenge which this important era presents, than today.

* * *

The day after I spoke in Green Bay I had another great experience, for I was the luncheon speaker for the annual convention of the Illinois Junior Association of Commerce, which was held in the Morrison Hotel. I had the privilege of speaking to one thousand young men between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-five. I wish every cynic, who is critical and despairing of our future leadership could have been present on this occasion.

The Junior Association of Commerce is one of the most important and effective organizations in the United States and ever since its organization the Chicago Chapter has invited me to address them once a year. I look forward to it with as much enthusiasm as I do to any occasion in the whole year. Every county in the State of Illinois was represented at the convention, and as I closed I felt that the future business and professional life of the State would feel the tremendous impact of these young men. They are always concerned with projects which advance the well-being of society. They are courageous in their attitude and experimental in their techniques and, above all, they have enthusiasm and confidence. I feel, as I write the reactions of this experience for you, that it did a great deal more for me than it was possible for me to do for them.

* * *

And now comes my final and concluding word this month. I hope if you have read thus far, that nothing will prevent you from finishing what I am about to write:

For thirty-three years I have worked hard in our church to see the day when our church building would be paid for. We made a bond issue to build our building after we raised $66,500 to clear the property upon which it was placed. That bond issue was for $300,000. We put $250,000 more into the furnishings for the building, bring-

ing the total investment to $616,500, which our building cost. We paid for the land and for all the furnishings and this year the bond issue will all be paid, leaving the people of the church an investment of $616,500, free and clear.

Can you imagine how I feel, after all these years of work and anxiety, to know that our building is free of debt.

The first two Sundays of June, June 7th and June 14th, will be devoted to events in connection with this achievement, which I hope not a single member, radio listener or friend of the church will miss.

On the first Sunday of June we are going to dedicate two bronze plaques which will be placed in the vestibule of the church. One of these plaques will be dedicated to the memory of Thomas Andrew Harrison, who served for thirty-seven years as treasurer of the Church, and who for all of these years gave unselfishly and devotedly of his time and his unusual ability in financial matters. Without Mr. Harrison this achievement never could have been accomplished. We are unveiling a plaque to his memory.

The other plaque will be unveiled to the memory of Sir Peter and Tillie Reisenhus, long time members and devoted friends of the church. During his lifetime Mr. Reisenhus did many gracious things for our work, and after his death his devoted companion and wife presented to the church their beautiful home on Castlewood Terrace, Mrs. Reisenhus taking a smaller apartment on the near North Side. We are dedicating a plaque to the memory of Mr. Reisenhus and as a tribute to Mrs. Reisenhus who we hope will be with us for a long time yet.

I am speaking that Sunday morning on "What Is the Peoples Church?" and will give the history of our church, what kind of a church it is, what it stands for and its hopes for the future.

On the next Sunday, June 14th, I shall preach my closing sermon in the church until September 20th. This will be my 47th anniversary and the subject I have chosen is "47 Years of It."

I hope every person reading these lines will put a circle around these two dates and will make every effort to be present in person. They will be two unforgettable Sundays in the history of our church. On June 14th we will burn the last evidence of indebtedness on our building.

The church property now belongs to the members of the church, without any indebtedness whatever.

I trust that those of you who have been so kind in your contributions and support will not feel that now you can curtail your gifts or contributions, but will remember that the running expenses of the church and the necessary items in our annual budget must be met just the same as before. I hope rather than diminishing your contributions you will increase them.

We expect to keep the church services functioning throughout the summer with the possible exception of the month of August, when it may be necessary to suspend the Sunday services on account of work which must be done in the sanctuary and throughout the building. The Rev. Mr. Kraft will preach during the Sundays I am away.

With all good news there is often some bad news and I have reserved the bad news until now. Our organ is 33 years old and has never been overhauled. It is mechanically in such poor shape at the moment that we never know when it will stop completely. We have had a recent survey made by the builders and on the desk of our Treasurer at this moment is the estimate that it will cost $15,000 to restore it.

There are those who might say, "Well, if it will cost that much, we should buy a new organ;" but we paid $60,000 for the organ and to buy a new one now would cost over $100,000; so we are going to have a summer Victory Fund, hoping that we can get our organ in perfect condition for my opening service the 20th of September.

* * *

I am leaving the United States on the "Mauretania," June 20th, from New York, and shall preach in the First Unitarian Church, Dublin, Ireland, June 28th; Sunday, July 5th I shall preach in the morning at the First Presbyterian Church in Belfast, Ireland, and in the evening in All Souls Church, in Belfast. On the 12th of July I shall preach in Bath, England, and in Trowbridge, England. The week preceding we visit Oxford and spend several days in London, where I am attending some meetings. On July 19th I expect to be preaching in the American Church in Paris, France, and shall go from there to Rome, where I am to have the privilege of an interview with Pope St. John XXIII.

At the moment this is as far as my calendar is definite. If you or any of your friends are in England or Europe this summer, it might be possible for us to meet. I shall tell you about it in the Liberalist through the summer.

* * *

I am closing by calling your attention to the radio programs for the summer. I shall be on WCFL every Sunday evening at 5:45 all summer long in an inspirational message. I am making thirteen 15-minute records before I leave Chicago. I shall also be on for one hour every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock over WLS. This hour will consist of music, inspirational thoughts, I shall read a poem or two, and perhaps talk about some books, but we are remaining on the air over WLS at 11 o'clock each Sunday morning. I am working now and making the 13 one-hour transcriptions for you.

I hope for those of you who are unable to attend the church services, the shut-ins, the ill, that this hour's broadcast will be an inspiring experience every Sunday morning while I am away.

I want every friend, member and radio listener to know how deep my gratitude is that this year has been such a year of achievement and of victory. I have worked hard and you have evidenced your appreciation. May you all have a pleasant, restorative, restful summer.

KEEP LOOKING UP!

"SIGNS OF THE TIMES"

Sermon by Dr. PRESTON BRADLEY

Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago

APRIL 26, 1959

THERE are signs all about us, everywhere. No matter where we turn, where we go, we run into a sign. Signs everywhere! Signs about religion. Signs that are pointing definitely in certain areas of religion and revealing certain goals. Signs of religion: for the first time in seven hundred years a Greek Orthodox priest calls on a Pope, and for the first time in the nineteen hundred years of Christianity there is a deep under-

current of ecumenical spirit abroad in the world! Signs in education: for the first time in the history of American education, one of the most distinguished educators in the whole history of education in this country, a former president of Harvard University, Dr. Conant, has made an extensive, intensive, exhaustive, analytical study of the American Public School System, and that study is now available to every interested father and mother! (For this information write Better Schools Committee, New York City.) I could multiply, with great multiplicity, the number of signs in the area of education! Signs everywhere!

Signs in the area of science; the scientists have been constructing signs as they have come out of the devotions to their experimentation to discover truth in the laboratories of the world, in the great Geophysical Year which has just closed, Nineteen Hundred and Fifty-eight. Signs in the area of science! I could spend six months of Sundays discussing the significance of that!

Signs in the area of art: the creative sensitivity of the human spirit to interpret the world in which that spirit lives and to capture its basic concepts of beauty indicates that there are signs in the realm of art that are unprecedented! Consider the creative capacity of the human spirit in all of the allied arts. All the artist attempts to do is to find intellectual and emotional response to the realities of life. He is like the poet. And the true scientist is the poet! The true historian is the poet! The poet is the true interpreter of a civilization!

There are signs in literature: the work of Archibald MacLeish; the magnificent genius of Robert Frost; the virile, analytical upheaval of interpretation and illumination of Carl Sandburg; the majesty and the scope of a philosophic concept of democracy in the mind of Whitman! Signs in poetry!

Each one of these areas of signs would, in themselves, constitute almost a lifetime of intellectual effort and study and analysis! Certainly they could not be covered within the limitations of a few sermons, but there is one area among the signs which is in my mind at this moment, for it is the most important sign of all! If the direction of this sign is not followed, all the rest will disappear! That's how important this sign is! For if this sign in these times goes neglected by humanity, and we substitute ease and personal comfort and pride and face-saving and all that is associated with the temporal in human achievement, if we substitute these things for obedience to this sign, we will experience complete and ultimate annihilation! That's how important this sign is! And it's vastly more important (and I see evidences of it everywhere)—it is vastly more important than most people recognize.

We are so busy with the festivity of life: we're so busy with food and drink and raiment; we're so busy with entertainment; we're so busy with escape from reality; we're so busy about the superficial and the ephemeral, that sometimes there is a deep stirring of a warning in my own soul that almost inspires me to the verge of prophecy! If one is sensitive to this sign and what it means to the world that one loves and the humanity that one adores, with all of the achievement of this humanity, when he sees this sign he almost trembles! That sign is raised by the master hand of human destiny and it points to only one way, not two: "this do and ye shall live!" The alternative: this do and ye shall die! That sign is here! It's all about us, everywhere!

(*Continued on page* 11)

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

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EDITORIAL

GIVEN below are six rules which should help anyone to live a happy life. Happiness is an acquired by-product and not a goal in itself:

1. Be grateful for life! Not just in words of gratitude, but in action; by spreading joy and cheer around you as far as in you lies. What we send out to others is reflected back into our own lives.

2. Have as many outside interests as you can reasonably manage, in which you are either giving a service or are doing some creative work.

3. Make a definite attempt to love people—be interested in them; not just the people who love you, but those who serve you in the daily round of your life.

4. When you retire at night, try to think what was the happiest moment of that day and be grateful for it.

5. When trouble comes, as it will sometimes, don't carry all the burden yourself. Trust God with it and seek His guidance. Prayer is a two-way communication. Not only are we asking for the ears of God to hear us or for God to be our errand runner. It is, rather, putting ourselves into communion with the Most High—putting ourselves into a listening attitude, a receptive attitude, so that the Voice of God can come through to us. The great power and strength of silent prayer is listening for God's guidance.

6. Last of all, KEEP LOOKING UP!

Signs of the Times

(*Continued from page 9*)

It's in the minds of confused and disturbed and anxious diplomats! It's restless in the mind of Nehru of India; it's restless in the mind of Chiang Kai-shek; it's restless in the minds of presidents and foreign ministers and prime ministers—the restlessness of the decision we must make!

Oh, my dear friends, it is a tremendous thing to be alive in an hour of decision; an hour of decision when not one nation; not one group of nations; not one church; not one scientist, but when the whole world is involved and when we all share a common destiny! And just as surely as I am standing in this pulpit this morning, and just as surely as I have this opportunity of the air, just as surely, I say to you: some of you will take no heed of it and will think nothing about it! You may one of these days! You will! Within the next decade this sign is either going to be recognized or—oblivion for the race!

You haven't time now to play with Christianity; you haven't time now to play with a sound economy; you haven't time now to play with petty politics; you haven't time now to waste and dissipate the creative energy of the human mind and heart! Time is running out on you, old world, and it's running faster than you think!

While I'm speaking to you, ships are sailing up the St. Lawrence Seaway and Chicago has become an ocean port and Lake Michigan is now an inland ocean, and those ships are carrying the commerce of the world, in direct competition to American industry and American labor and American products and American materials, and in all of the hysteria connected with the scientific achievement of creating a deep-sea channel to the Great Lakes, we forget until the romance is stripped of its glitter, that the first ship that arrives will be a competitor of every American workingman and, furthermore, of every American dollar!

That's going to be a sign that our economy must be attacked now with a constructive, creative enterprise as never before, for our future depends upon the stabilization of our American economy, and you can't go along much further without disaster! You know how much interest you're paying? Seven million dollars every year raised by taxation goes to pay the interest that we owe! That's just interest money; seven million dollars! While this strange, tragic, gnawing cancer that is eating into our economic stability continues, inflation is settling down upon Americans that's going to destroy into almost useless purchasing power the life insurance, the pensions, the annuities, the wages, the salaries of America! The signboard! And because we're enamoured with a high stock market and with all kinds of an artificially stimulated something called prosperity, it is predicated on the diabolical wastefulness of military power!

SIGNS OF THE TIMES! There is a statement from Lenin that I wish would be published on the front page of every newspaper in the United States and every manufacturer would put it on the front page of his literature and every class of economics give it to their students in the colleges and universities of America! I quote from a speech of Lenin's given outside the walls of the Kremlin to two hundred thousand Communists! Lenin said: "We will destroy every democracy in

the world without shedding a single drop of a Russian soldier's blood!" And they shouted: "How?" And Lenin said: "By destroying their economy from the inside! We'll cheapen their dollars! We'll destroy their economy! That will be where it will hurt most!"

Oh, America! SIGNS OF THE TIMES! Not a very cheerful sermon, was it! I tell you this is not an hour for false optimism and this is not an hour for artificial pride! This is the hour upon which the destiny of civilization depends!

Ten Easy ways to drive folks from church

By Rev. Neil Wyrick, Jr.,
Minister of the Palmetto Presbyterian Church in Miami, Florida

We have "borrowed" this article from the Bethel Bulletin of the Bethel Evangelical Church of Detroit, Mich., where our friend, Rev. William Clyde Donald, II, is pastor. Our readers will remember Reverend Donald from his several appearances in our pulpit.

1. Never ask them to come in the first place. This rule number one is worth its weight in gold. If it seems too severe, one can salve his conscience by procrastinating thus: "I must ask them to come to church with me sometime."

2. If they come, ignore them. Sit by them and do not speak. Sing, but don't offer them a hymnal, and as soon as service is over turn and converse with only the people you know.

3. If you do speak, complain. Never speak kindly about the church or anyone in it. Allude by implication to the minister's vices and all the trouble in the choir.

4. Act as if you never go to church. There is nothing more effective in building up the non-churchgoers than getting the remark made about you that "if that's Christianity I'm not interested."

5. Never pray. Believe you can do it all alone and don't bother to ask God's will or help.

6. Refuse to work. Every church needs workers and if enough members refuse to do their part the inefficiency of the whole program will be assured. Also by not doing your part, you have an excellent opportunity to gripe that the church is run by a few people.

7. Learn the classic cliches and spread them far and wide:

a. God doesn't expect you to be in church every time the door opens.

b. You can't love everybody. God knows that.

c. It's the preacher's job to get new members. That's what we pay him for.

8. Be narrow minded. Have no patience with anyone's ideas about the church or religion unless they agree 100 per cent with you.

9. Give little. This rule followed faithfully by enough of the congregation will guarantee a poor program, an ill-paid staff, a building in need of repair, and will be a fine example to others not belonging to your church, of how unimportant it all is anyhow.

10. Find fault with the minister. This is a drastic rule, but produces such excellent results it cannot be overlooked. A little black book, an excellent memory, coupled with unlimited imagination can soon produce a long list of charges and complaints and split the membership into at least two pieces, or, if really successful, into many.

At the conclusion of the rules, Dr. Donald has this to say:

"So now you have before you the gleanings of the centuries; rules tried

and true and worthy of remembering. People have been driven away from churches by the thousands by the application of one or more of the foregoing. If you want to kill this church, this is a sure-fire formula. Are there really church members who are as bad as all that? Probably not, certainly not on all points . . . However, even if there is only a grain of reality about any one of the 10 rules as it pertains to a single church member's attitude, the whole vitality and creativeness of some church is weakened to that degree.

"So I suppose there is merit in looking at ourselves in magnification now and then in order to see more clearly our small and often almost hidden faults. Then we can correct them early enough and before they become too obvious and too helpful toward ends we do not really want to see happen."

BOOK CHATS

IT is always well along about vacation time to be provided with at least one book which is of the type to be picked up at odd moments and read with enjoyment no matter at what part of the book one starts to read. Such a book is *Wayward Vicarage* by Anthony Brode and published by Lippincott May 14th.

The book was originally planned by the author while he was on night duty with the Home Guard, on the lookout for a possible Nazi air invasion. Mr. Brode claims to have no ambitions other than earning his living by being disrespectful. As his father was minister of the *Vicarage* one may easily imagine that repressions suffered in his early years may be responsible for this tendency. He was assigned to write a daily column for the Southampton *Evening Echo* and later received his first real encouragement in disrespect from the editor of *Punch,* to which he still contributes satirical verses.

Mr. Brode's father was not an eccentric but had a tendency to become deeply involved in unlikely events. This is the author's first book and his gift for amused observation is turned on the ten years before World War II, when his father was the Vicar of a small rural parish in what the author calls the Stockbroker Belt, halfway between London and the South Coast, and Anthony Brode paints a vivid and entertaining picture of the unsuspected problems which may arise in running a country church and of how his father, not always successfully, tried to solve them.

To begin with, his father lived on a stipend of 342 pounds, in a house which demanded twice that amount to maintain a comfortable standard of living. "Besides the butler's pantry our indoor staff (which was usually nonexistent and intermittently amounted to one resident cook-general) had the run of a kitchen, scullery, four cellars and a subterranean strong-room, five third-floor attics and an outside lavatory; another outside lavatory was available for the men responsible for the four-acre garden, coal-shed, wood-shed, oil-shed, potting-shed, two greenhouses, double stable, coach-house, harness-room, apple-store and hayloft. A Mr. Hibbs came occasionally and

gloomily turned over the earth in a small section of the kitchen garden, but I don't recollect that he ever used the lavatory." Mr. Brode's further description of the surroundings of the Vicarage are wholly delightful. In the middle of the first chapter there is an illustration by Fritz Kredel of the Vicar, in decided undress (just having leapt from the bath tub, located in the center of his bedroom), chasing a bat out the window with the aid of a tennis racket, which was kept on the landing for this purpose. There were field-mice in the cellars, and owls in the coal-shed; and a fox put an end to their poultry-keeping experiments by killing seven White Leghorns and fourteen Rhode Island Reds in a single night. The bats did not live in the church (which had no belfry), but their front door was in the front porch, directly over the family front door, which made it very convenient—for the bats.

Wayward Vicarage is a lovely book to have around at any time of the year, but especially enjoyable for summer guests who may come visiting, and for the lady of the house, when she has fifteen minutes to spare for relaxation.

* * *

Should you want a more serious book on hand, why not have Elizabeth Goudge's latest non-fiction Life of Saint Francis of Assisi, which is titled *My God and My All,* published June 1st by Coward-McCann. Read how this wealthy, handsome youth cast away all the advantages that were his by birth and chose instead a career of poverty, of humility. He attracted members of all strata of society—businessmen, lawyers, nobles, as well as the poor—to his mission. When the Order of Friars Minor became established throughout Europe and great personal power was offered to Francis, he renounced that power and humbly continued his life's work.

In the eight years since Elizabeth Goudge's last non-fiction work, *God So Loved the World,* which was the story of Jesus, she had published three of her most widely read novels: *The Heart of the Family, The Rosemary Tree* and *The White Witch.* We will all still remember her *A City of Bells* for its beauty. Elizabeth Goudge has written fiction, poetry, children's books and non-fiction—an author of many parts. And surely, all who have heard of St. Francis of Assisi, and who has not, will be interested in this life of St. Francis, of which the author, in a note as a foreword, says:

"It is as a Christian that he matters to us, as a humble poor man who set himself to tread as closely as he could in the footsteps of Christ, perhaps as closely as any man has ever done, and by so doing shames us. Looking at him we see what it means to be a Christian and what it costs. His story is not only endearing, it is terrifying. Yet without the fear and shame he would not have so much power over us, for we know in our hearts that what is worth having costs everything. And so his power lives on and we cannot measure it because it is nowhere near its end."

In the book are the men and women who followed him: Bernard de Quintavalle, the rich businessman; Peter Cathanii, the lawyer; Brother Giles, the farmer's son; Lady Clare; and so many others—important people and little people, all drawn together by the personal magnetism and humble faith of their leader.

* * *

To those who like adventure stories there is *Light in the Jungle,* the thirty years mission of Jessie and Leo Halliwell along the Amazon, edited and with a foreword by Will Oursler, as told by Leo Halliwell. This book is the

account of the experiences of two medical missionaries along the Amazon River in Brazil. It is the remarkable story of Leo Halliwell and his wife Jessie, both missionaries for the Seventh-day Adventist Church, who for thirty years worked quietly and without public recognition to bring help to a people almost forgotten by the rest of the world.

In a foreword, Mr. Oursler says: "I have heard many adventures in my life and have written many, and have lived through a few adventures, too, but none compared to the tale which these people spun for me. The scope of their work was a continent; their people were a nation apart, swallowed up in the jungle shadows."

Their story is one that is unique because so few people would have dared to live it. The hardships and dangers they faced seemed, at times, unbearable, the poverty and superstition of the people of the jungle incredible. Persistence, courage and real dedication were responsible for the Halliwells' success as they pushed deep into the jungle in their river launch, the *Luziero,* to bring spiritual and medical succor to the Brazilian people.

"Although we were officially missionaries," says Leo Halliwell, "we saw at once the diseases rampant on the Amazon and we knew that we had first to concentrate on making these people well before we could hope to convert them to any meaningful religion . . . we had to become a part of the ways and the lives of these people."

Today the Amazon jungle is like another country. Schools and churches, hospitals and clinics have sprung up, diseases once claiming the lives of hundreds of natives are now almost unknown . . . and up and down the river are numerous Halliwell namesakes, "Jessies" and "Leos," grateful gestures to the Halliwells from indebted Brazilian parents.

Inspired and encouraged by the pioneering work of the Halliwells, other missionaries, doctors and nurses have come to Brazil. Official recognition of the work of the Halliwells was the presentation by the Brazilian Government of the coveted Brazilian Cross to each of the Halliwells upon their recent retirement, the first time this medal has been given individually to man and wife. In addition the Brazilian Government has set aside $90,000 a year for a period of ten years, to be spent for medical supply launches like the *Luziero.*

Whether you are a Catholic, a Seventh Day Adventist, or of no religious faith whatever, these two stories of dedication to the service of mankind will be an inspiration. As Brazil is a part of the Americas, we should know much more about it than we do and here is a good opportunity to hear the story from two people who have lived in the midst of these dwellers on the Amazon.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

SOME of our readers might like to know the names of the mothers who claimed orchids at our Mothers' Day service on Sunday, May 10th.

The youngest mother present was 21-year-old Mrs. William Kraut, of 922 Lakeside, who proudly received her orchid.

There was a tie for the oldest mother present, so an orchid went to each: Mrs. Helen Trusler, of 517 Deming Place, and Mrs. Matilda Krackmann, of 5221 Wayne Avenue, both of whom are 93 years old. We do have a dear and faithful member, Dr. Virginia Warren, who dates back to the Wilson Avenue Theatre days, who is 94 years old, but evidently she was not present on May 10th. She comes all the way from the South Side to services.

An orchid was given to the mother who had the largest family present (including father, mother and children) and this prize went to Mrs. H. J. Wagoner, who with her husband and six children made a family attendance of eight. They live at 4117 Narraganset St.

When one entered the church on Mother's Day it did look as though the whole congregation was a flower garden. As I stood in the entrance of the aisle and looked over the seated audience, the hats of the ladies present made a very colorful and gardenlike display.

* * *

There was a "packed house" at the Men's Club Annual Frolics. There is probably no event in the entire year to which the ladies look forward more eagerly than this Frolics. This year the anticipation of the audience was especially eager, as it was rumored there would be a horse and a cow taking part in the show. Those who attended the event do not need to read these words, but there may be some few people who were forcibly prevented from attending. Only a force which totally incapacitated a person would be effective, so well had the members of the Men's Club (and the wives of the members) spread their publicity. I am told that the members of the cast had so much fun at rehearsals that this, too, added force to the publicity.

Not having been able to secure a printed program, I cannot detail the various scenes in the history of Chicago which were depicted. There were Indian dancers around a camp fire; there was the depicting of the tragic Chicago fire, and a truly excellent atmosphere was created of consternation and confusion resulting from it. There was the wonder and admiration of the people over the new Chicago which grew up from the ashes of the old.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bennett did an unusually fine job of creating what they called a "corny" show in a period of three short weeks, with very little rehearsing. Perhaps the fact that the rehearsals were such fun helped to

pull it all together in such a short time.

I am quite sure the audience enjoyed Mr. Charles Craig's spry dancing as much as I did, and the horse, with its able trainer, Mr. Lou Hangel. There were two high spots in the horse's antics which were outstanding (though one involved sitting): never did I see a horse do a better job of appearing shy and bashful about the girl-friend. Then when Mr. Horse picked out his sweetheart in the audience and sat on Betty Porter's lap, the "house came down."

The girl chorus was lovely, the men in their naval costumes were very elegant. The only complaint I heard was from a wife in the audience who enjoyed this scene in which her husband was resplendent as a naval officer, the only sour note being that she wasn't sure she enjoyed having him in the company of those beautiful girls.

Mr. Bennett may have been right in calling it all "corny," but that one "corny" evening in the year was a lot of fun for a great many people and Frank and Cathryn Bennett deserve a big round of applause for an evening that meant a lot of hard work but gave a great many people much pleasure. "Taking one's hair down" now and then makes us all seem more human and adds up to more friendship and friendliness than anything I know.

We must not forget that the wives of the members deserve much credit also. They did a lot of work behind the scenes, some of them spending the best part of the day at the church preparing sandwiches for the refreshments. Joe McCloy was giving one of his famous lectures and slide shows that evening and couldn't be present, yet his wife Elsa was right there with the rest of the women, helping to make sandwiches for the evening, though she, too, had to be with Joe and helping with his show that night. The Peoples Church is very fortunate in that it does have so many loyal, loving workers always ready to lend a hand.

* * *

A letter came early in May from Decatur Illinois, which distressed me greatly. Many of our members will recall my writing about the dear little lady from Decatur, Mrs. Nellie Spence, who every year for many, many years, has knitted several pairs of bootees for our annual bazaar. She is up in her 90s and always walks to church every Sunday, a walk of at least twelve blocks. She has been a great worker in the Order of the Eastern Star. Up until this last year she has lived alone in her big house in Decatur, since the death of her husband a few years ago. This past year, fortunately, she has had a niece living with her and the letter is from the niece:

Dear Miss Smalley:

I am writing for my aunt, Mrs. Nellie Spence, to tell you she is in St. Mary's Hospital here with a broken hip. She fell from a small ladder, trying to do a little house-cleaning.

The doctor says it is a bad break and it will probably be five weeks or more before she can leave the hospital. Her spirit is fair and she still can hardly realize her condition.

If you wish to write, her address is Room 354 at St. Mary's Hospital. Kindly notify Dr. Bradley.

Respectfully,

Winnie Sorrells.

I am sure some of our members will add their cheery little notes to the ones Dr. Bradley and I have sent to dear Mrs. Spence.

She used to come in annually to the Eastern Star event and always came in early so as to attend our services on Sunday.

* * *

A lovely little note came to Dr. Bradley from Lillian Budd, who was seated on the dais at the Friends of Literature Banquet of which Dr. Bradley writes in his "Along the Way" this month. Lillian Budd won the $250 Fiction Award this year for her "April Harvest," which was reviewed in our Easter number, the March Liberalist: Dear Dr. Bradley:

There are so many things I want to thank you for—the beautiful *understanding* review of "April Harvest" in The Liberalist—the inspiration your words always give to me—your part in the Friends of Literature's recognition of my book of young Sigrid. And for asking my sister, Sigrid, to take a bow on last Saturday evening.

Yes, you *do* know how much her encouragement has done for me and has meant to me. When I read your recommendation—"I can think of no finer gift from a mother to her teen-age daughter than 'April Harvest'" I was glad, *glad* that I had resisted efforts to make my third book "more sophisticated." You gave me the greatest compliment, there, that I could have received.

As always, on Saturday evening, at the Friends of Literature, you were superb.

My warmest greetings to Mrs. Bradley and to you.

Sincerely yours,
Lillian Budd.

* * *

Having read Lillian Budd's letter I am sure our readers will be interested in knowing just what awards and scrolls were given at the Friends of Literature Banquet. They were as follows:

A scroll to Genevieve Foster, author and illustrator, "For her contribution to the heritage of the young reader, through the excellence of her writings and illustrations."

A scroll to The Musarts Club (which was accepted for them by June Cannon Brown, Director of the Musarts Club, and artist) "For their 25th anniversary, for their contribution to the cultural life of Chicago."

Marcia Masters (Mrs. Wm. A. Schmid) received the Robert Ferguson Memorial Award of $100 for poetry, for her "Impressions of My Father and Other Writings."

A token award of $50 was given to "Poetry, a Magazine of Verse." This was accepted by Henry Rago, Editor of "Poetry."

The $250 Fiction Award was given to Lillian Budd, for "April Harvest."

The $500 Award for Non-Fiction was given to Daniel J. Boorstin, Clergyman, Poet and Literary Critic, for his "The Americans: the Colonial Experience."

These awards are given "to aid and encourage meritorious work by American writers of fiction and non-fiction."

* * *

A short time ago the Chicago Alumni Club of Alpha Epsilon Pi Fraternity awarded Dr. Bradley their Humanitarian Award. He later received this interesting letter from their president: Dear Dr. Bradley:

Thank you very much for being with us last night. I think that you would have felt happy if you had seen the crowd after you left. Ordinarily most of the fellows play cards. Yesterday the meeting broke up into many discussion groups with the subject matters you discussed being the favorite topics. We didn't leave the room until well after 11 p.m.

We feel it an honor that you took the time out of such a busy schedule to accept our award.

Sincerely,
Martin S. Leaf, President.

* * *

From the office of Leo Lerner, Editor and Publisher of Chicago North Side Newspapers, came this note:

Dear Preston:

You were so kind to drop me that note about my column, "Money Hard and Soft."

For some reason that particular column struck a lot of people in the same way, as my mail seems to indicate.

It is something like hitting the ball all the way to the top, at a carnival circus—it feels swell!

My warmest and best to you and June.

As ever yours,

Leo.

* * *

Here is a letter from the Office of the Warden of Cook County jail:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

On behalf of Sheriff Frank G. Sain, the school staff, and myself, I would like to take this opportunity to express our sincere appreciation to you for your participation in the Adult Education program here, at the jail, on Tuesday, May 5, 1959. I have received many complimentary comments about your contribution to this series, which was organized under our Educational, Recreational, and Vocational program.

Your schedule, I am well aware, is a very busy one. For your cooperation and generosity in taking the time to make the trip to the jail for this appearance, we are indeed grateful.

With best wishes, I am,

Sincerely yours,

Jack R. Jackson, Warden.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Again I want to thank you for the important part you played in making our convention a success. We have had many comments that this was the best convention we have had for many years. We can only attribute the success to you and the other fine speakers who did a wonderful job. On behalf of the Indiana Gas Association I want to extend our official thanks for a good job well done.

I sincerely hope that you enjoyed your visit and the opportunity to meet with the gas people of Indiana. I hope that I have the opportunity of meeting you again.

Sincerely,

R. A. Steele, Sec.-Treas.

* * *

Now follows a lovely letter from the gracious wife of Thomas Curtis Clark,

OUR MASTER'S TOUCH

It's tiny things that mean so much:
The way a baby's fingers clutch;
An impish, saucy turned-up nose;
A cricket's chirp—a dew-kissed rose;
A soft spring rain, a pansy's face
Are really not so commonplace.
These tiny things, they mean so much
For each one proves Our Master's Touch.

It's tiny things that mean so much;
A gentle word—a loving touch;
A warm handclasp—a bit of praise
Transforms like magic dreary days.
A kindly deed—a smile—a song
Can often right a human wrong.
It's tiny things that mean so much,
Each thought and deed — Our Master's Touch.

—Gertrude Cramer Williams

Dr. Bradley's favorite and ott-quoted-by-him poet:

My dear Dr. Bradley:

This is a beautiful spring day, a bit cool, but spring is really in the air. The green things are peeping through and a saucy little robin was perched on a branch of the blue spruce outside my window. The birds and squirrels are at my back door each morning waiting for the usual "hand-out." Spring is such a glorious time of the year! Tom loved it so! I know you have read many of his beautiful poems on Spring.

The postman brought The Liberalist this morning. It was kind and thoughtful of you to send it to me. Naturally I enjoyed the poems on Spring.

Yes, Karle Wilson Baker has the right idea in his poem "Good Company." Nature provides so much for us, all we have to do is to accept it.

Truest of friends, the trees!
Men wander far
At a word or a nod;
Life is a grief,
Love is a chance,
Faith stumbles oft,
Joy is soon past.
Oldest of friends,
Nearest of friends,
Truest of friends,
The trees!

A friend of ours wrote and said she had this poem up over the sink in her kitchen where she could read it daily.

Tom loved the trees!

At the sad time when I had to select a lot in the cemetery, I was not aware until later that at the side of his grave was a beautiful Linden tree. I thanked God for such a monument!

Again, thank you, dear Dr. Bradley, for the lovely poems and for your comment on "1000 Quotable Poems." You are always doing nice things.

I appreciated the interest Mr. Evans took in the Lincoln collection. I sent it to his publisher friend in New York but it was returned with the usual slip. However, Mr. Evans said he would look through his files and see what else he could find. Perhaps, one of these days, Lady Luck will smile on me. Until then . . .

Love and loads of good wishes.

Hazel D. Clark,
Mrs. Thomas Curtis.

* * *

The Touch of Human Hands

THE touch of human hands—
That is the boon we ask;
For groping, day by day,
Along the stony way,
We need the comrade heart
That understands,
And the warmth, the living warmth
Of human hands.

The touch of human hands—
Not vain, unthinking words,
Nor that cold charity
Which shuns our misery;
We seek a loyal friend
Who understands,
And the warmth, the loving warmth
Of human hands.

The touch of human hands—
Such care as was in Him
Who walked in Galilee
Beside the silver sea;
We need a patient guide
Who understands,
And the warmth, the pulsing warmth
Of human hands.

—Thomas Curtis Clark

When patronizing our advertisers please mention "THE LIBERALIST"

We will close our Mail Bag with the complete poem from which Mrs. Clark quoted only the closing verse:

TREES

Oldest of friends, the trees!
Ere fire came, or iron,
Or the shimmering corn;
When the earth mist was dank,
Ere the promise of dawn,
From the slime, from the muck—
The trees!

Nearest of friends, the trees!
They shield us from storm
And brighten our hearths;
They bring to our tables
The autumn's fine gold;
They carol our joys
And sing to our griefs.
They cradle our young
And coffin our dead—
The trees!

Truest of friends, the trees!
Men wander far
At a word or a nod;
Life is a grief,
Love is a chance,
Faith stumbles oft,
Joy is soon past.
Oldest of friends,
Nearest of friends,
Truest of friends,
The trees!

Thomas Curtis Clark.

KEEP — ON — THE — BEAM!

OUR GRATITUDE TO MAGIKIST RUG CLEANERS

Magikist Services have carried two-thirds of the financial burden of the Sunday broadcast over WLS at 11 a.m. all during the season.

Now they have arranged to sustain the hour on Station WLS for the summer, with the cooperation of the station and myself. The Peoples Church and myself are deeply grateful for this courtesy and encouragement, and take this method of publicly expressing our appreciation.

We hope that this hour's program, every Sunday at 11 o'clock, which will consist of music, inspirational thoughts and poems, will be an inspiring experience for those who are unable to attend the church services, the shut-ins, the ill and those who may be in institutions. Again we say "thank you" to Magikist.

Preston Bradley

A friendly hint from a neighbor

A recent nationwide study conducted by the Central Automobile Safety Committee of Kemper Insurance revealed that seven out of ten persons killed or injured in traffic accidents are innocent victims of law-violating drivers.

Here's a tip that may save lives, perhaps your own: KNOW and OBEY traffic laws and DEMAND and SUPPORT strict and impartial enforcement of realistic traffic laws.

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A Division of
KEMPER Insurance
Chicago 40

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

APRIL

1—Address. Morrison Hotel.
Testimonial banquet to Chief Justice Abraham Lincoln Marovitz.
3—Wedding.
Cut records. WCFL.
Address. Chicago Girl Scouts, Congress Hotel.
4—Two funerals.
5—Morning service. Peoples Church.
Address. First Methodist Church, Evanston.
Three b'casts. WLS, WCFL, WSEL.
6—Two funerals.
Conference at Study.
8—Address. Chicago Woman's Club, Blackstone-Sheraton Hotel.
Address. Chicago Buddhist Church.
9—Address. Lake Shore Club.
10—Laying of cornerstone, Chicago Foundling's Home.
Two funerals.
Goodman Theatre.
11—Wedding.
Sick calls.
12—Morning service. Peoples Church.
Sermon. Greater Metropolitan Church.
13—Meeting, Board of Directors, Chicago Public Library.
Conference with Dr. H. M. Phillips, of Schweitzer Education Foundation.
14—Address. "Safari of Discovery," Union League Club.
16—Meeting, Independence Hall Memorial Association.
17—Address (Third Annual).
Independence Hall Awards. Senn High School (40 youngsters going to Alaska). Broadcast WSEL.
18—Annual Luncheon, Friends of Library.
Address. Boy Scout Convention, Illinois Indiana & Wisconsin. Edgewater Beach Hotel.
Wedding.
19—Morning service. Peoples Church.
Two weddings.
B'casts WLS, WCFL, WSEL.
Sermon, Beloit College Chapel, Beloit, Wis.
20—Address. Advertising Men's Post, Henrici's Restaurant. 22nd occasion for me.
21—Address. Zion City Chamber of Commerce Annual Dinner. Zion-Benton High School.
22—Conferences. Maj. Chapralis, People to People Program; Robert Dachman, City of Hope.
24—Address. Indiana Electric Convention. Convention Hall, French Lick Hotel, French Lick, Indiana.
Visited West Baden College, West Baden, Maryland.
25—Master of Ceremonies for Annual Shakespeare Banquet of Friends of Literature. 29th consecutive year.
26—Morning service, Peoples Church.
Address. Dedication of Tinley Park Library, Tinley Park.
Broadcasts WLS, WCFL & WSEL.
27—Meeting, Board of Directors. Chicago Public Library, Erlanger Theatre.
28—Worked in Study.
29—Cut five records, WCFL.
30—Address. Given "Humanitarian Award" for 1959 by the Chicago Alumni Club of Alpha Epsilon Pi Fraternity Standard Club.

FUNERALS

4—Miss Margaret Gordon.
Mrs. Marie Carey.
6—Elvina Tiper.
6—Mrs. Jennie Crowley.
10—Mrs. May Neu.
Richard Schulze.

WEDDINGS

3—Kathleen Smith and Donald G. MacDonald.
11—Barbara Graham and Donald Vaughn, Jr.
18—Helen Josephine Koob and Norman C. Budd.
19—Wanda Closs and Frank C. Latchin.
19—Patricia Jerklin and Robert Teselle.

CHRISTENINGS

12—Grace Bishop McIlhany (Adult), daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Charles Bishop.
12—Laura Woods Bishop (Adult), daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Samuel Woods.

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday morning service (broadcast direct from church service from September to June) ..... 11:00 a.m
Sunday morning service during summer (not broadcast) ..... 11:00 a.m.

Sunday evening service (November to Easter) ..... 7:00 p.m.

Junior Church—Parents are invited to accompany their children. ..... 9:30 a.m.

Choir rehearsals every Sunday, September to June. New members welcomed..... 9:30 a.m.

Uptown Temple Club (single adults) 1st and 3rd Sundays, Anderson Hall. ..... 5:00 p.m.

Wednesday evening Book Reviews (January and February) ..... 8:00 p.m.

Woman's Club, meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, September to May in Anderson Hall. Mrs. Chris J. Larsen, Corr. Sec., 909 Gunnison St., Chicago 40.

Professional and Business Woman's Club, meets the second Sunday afternoon of each month in Anderson Hall, Sept. to May. Mrs. Ida Loe, Corr. Secy., 4629 N. Winchester St., Chicago 40.

Men's Club, meets the 4th Tuesday of the month in Anderson Hall, Sept. to May.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam.*

Senior Girl Scout Troop No. 97, Tuesdays at 4249 Greenview Ave..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Thursday, Bradley Hall..... 3:30 p.m

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Dr. Bradley's Broadcasting Schedule
Every Sunday

WLS—Morning Church Service Broadcast direct from church pulpit ..... 11:00 a.m.
Beginning June 21st, a one-hour broadcast of music, inspirational thoughts and poems, direct from Station WLS. ..... 11:00 a.m.

WCFL—Dr. Bradley's Vesper Broadcast continues through the summer..... 5:45 p.m.

WSEL (FM)—Rebroadcast of Morning Sermon, September to June..... 9:30 p.m.

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Hear Dr. Bradley Every Sunday During the Summer

11:00 A.M.

WLS—A one-hour program consisting of music and inspirational thoughts.

5:45 P.M.

WCFL—A Vesper Broadcast.

Regular Sunday morning church services will be held during the summer at 11 A.M. with Rev. Virgil A. Kraft preaching (not broadcast).